

+ miss Fukuda
 NAME: Fukuda, Shoichi DATE OF BIRTH: 1/3/1901 PLACE OF BIRTH: Tokyo
 Age: 69 Sex: M Marital Status: M Education: High School

PRE-WAR:

Date of arrival in U.S.: 1917 Age: 16 M.S. Y.Y. Port of entry: Seattle
 Occupation/s: 1. House boy 2. Farmer 3. Drug store owner *
 Place of residence: 1. Oakland, Ca. 2. San Francisco, Ca. 3. Sacramento, Ca.
 Religious affiliation: Christian Church 4. Broderick, Ca. 5. Florin, Ca.
 Community organizations/activities: Treasurer of the Fujinkai

EVACUATION: * 4. Traveling salesman 5. Grocery store owner 6. Liquor store owner

Name of assembly center: Marysville
 Name of relocation center: Tule Lake, Ca. & Jerome, Ark. & Heart Mountain, Wyo.
 Dispensation of property: Christian Center/Sold Names of bank/s: Sumitomo
 Jobs held in camp: 1. Bank Manager (H.M.) 2. Warehouse worker, Manager/Foreman,
 Jobs held outside of camp: Warehouse worker Assistant buyer (In T.L.)
 Left camp to go to: Sacramento, California

POST-WAR:

Date returned to West Coast: May 1945
 Address/es: 1. Sacramento, California 2. _____
 3. _____
 Religious affiliation: Christian Church
 Activities: 1. _____ 2. _____ 3. _____
 If deceased, date, place and age at time of death: _____

Name of interviewer: Heihachiro Takarabe Date: 1970 Place: Sacramento, Ca.

Name: Shoichi Fukuda

Age: 69 years old

Birth Date: Jan. 3, 1901

Birth Place: Tokyo, Japan

The year he came to the US: 1917

At what age did he come to the US: 16 years old

Major Occupation: business

Relocation Camp: Tule Lake, Calif.; Jerome, Arkansas; Heart Mountain,
Wyoming

Interviewer: Heihachiro Takarabe

Interview Date: 1970

Interview Place: Sacramento, Calif.

Translator: Heihachiro Takarabe

Typist: Jane Matsuoka

SHOICHI FUKUDA

I. Childhood

Mr. Shoichi Fukuda was born on January 3, 1901, as the only son of a small merchant in Tokyo. His father came to the United States with great hopes while his sister was still in his mother's womb. He lived with his mother, grandmother and sister in Tokyo. The money which his father sent home was not enough, so his mother worked at a nearby factory. It must have been too much work for her for she died when his sister was only 3 years old.

His father's business in the United States failed so he could not send enough money for the three of them to make a living. They had to be supported by their relatives. Soon his grandmother passed away, and they had to be adopted by their relatives. His sister went to his mother's side, and he went to his father's side. After he was separated from his sister, he could not see her for more than once or twice a year.

When he was 11 years old, he entered the household of a Japanese pickle-maker as an apprentice. This happened on the same day as when his classmates at school advanced to the 6th grade -- all with new clothes. He still remembers that day--April 1st. There were about twenty young apprentices in that household, but he was the youngest. It was about 50 years ago. The older boys were very arrogant when they felt good, and tyrants otherwise. He was hit many times with their fists for no one tried to take care of the young ones.

For his work, he had to stick his hands into the cold salt solution even in the winter, and his hands became dry, chapped, and blistered. During summer, this eleven years old boy had to deliver pickles to distant stores. He had to pull a heavy cart to make the delivery. The owner did not give him any spending money. At times he would be so hungry that it would take him two to three hours to walk two miles home. It was a very difficult time in his life. He used to think that if only he had his parents, he would not have to go through this hardship. Hiding himself behind the big tubs of pickles, he would cry.

Then the pickle store went bankrupt forcing him to become an apprentice in the household of a blacksmith. He also worked as a newspaper boy and at his uncle's pawnshop as well.

When he was 16 years old, his father wrote to him. It was quite a rare happening. The following year, during World War I, he came to the United States as a "Yobiyose". He worked as a school boy and went to an English school at Pine Methodist Church in San Francisco. His father went back to Japan as soon as he came to the United States, remarried, and returned again. But within a few months, his father passed away. The only time he lived with his father was for little over one month during summer vacation in Oakland. His sister had also passed away, so he spent a very lonely and hard life during his childhood and adolescence.

II. SOME OTHER BACKGROUND INFORMATION

When Shoichi Fukuda came to the United States, he was only 17 years old. He landed in Seattle and took a train to Oakland where his father lived. He and his father were not able to recognize each other since they had not seen each other since he was 4 years old. Fortunately his father saw his name tag on the luggage.

When he saw Seattle for the first time, he thought the city was very beautiful. In general, Americans were very kind to him. Although he did not have too much trouble with American customs, food was a problem. He still remembers his craving for rice.

He could not recall making too many mistakes except for a few incidents. One day he found a box of cheese in the living room. It smelled so badly that he thought it was rotten. He brought it to the kitchen, and since his English was so limited, he could not even explain his action.

He had many Caucasian and Filipino friends. He was a member of the Baptist Church in Sacramento and knew many Caucasian ministers personally.

He corresponded with relatives in Japan for a long time. He visited Japan three times and decided to stay permanently in the United States after World War II. Before the war "Nihonjin-kai" was the representative organization for Japanese people, at least for him.

He did not know his parents well so he could not compare himself with them. Since his parents must have been Buddhists, and he and his wife are Christians, there would be at least that much of a difference between them.

He speaks very good English. It is very functional. He uses both Japanese and English when he speaks to his children, and English only when he speaks to his grandchildren. He counts most of the time in English.

In the scale of 1 to 10 in his degree of assimilation, he rates himself at 5. Although the interviewer thinks that he is a typical Japanese man in the way he communicates with others, in his estimation, Mr. Fukuda rates about 2 to 3 in his degree of assimilation.

In regards to the problem of integration, inter-racial dating and marriage, he is resigned to the fact that he cannot control the matter. He strongly wishes that his grandchildren would marry a Japanese. He wants his grandchildren to learn to live the right way -- honestly and with gratitude. He also wishes that his grandchildren would learn to help one another and obey parents and elders.

He thinks that Japanese Americans are very successful in the United States. His source of information are from newspapers and discussion with his friends. He is a devout Christian and attends worship service every Sunday with his wife. Currently his church does not have a minister so he serves as a lay leader.

III. INTERVIEW WITH MR. & MRS. FUKUDA

Question: I would like to ask you many questions today, so I would like you to answer them frankly and with as much detail as possible. Where were you born?

Answer: I was born in Tokyo, but I moved around so much that I don't really know exactly where.

Q: Where were you born Mrs. Fukuda?

A: I was born in Kumamoto-ken.

Q: When did you come to the United States?

Mr. Fukuda: I came here in 1917.

Q: Can you tell me something about your family in Japan?

Mr. Fukuda: Well, my father came over here alone. My mother died when I was very small, so I was raised by my relatives. I had to work when I was in the 6th grade in elementary school. The reason I came to the United States was because my father called me. This is called "Yobiyose".

Q: Are you a Nisei then?

Mr. Fukuda: I am not a Nisei. I'm not a Kibei either. I am not a pioneer Issei. People like me were called Yobiyose, because we were brought over here by these Pioneers. But I call myself Issei because I did work with these Pioneers. I think I have been here for 52 years, since I came here in 1917.

Q: Then you came here after the alien land law came into effect in 1913.

Mr. Fukuda: When I came here, Japanese people could not buy land anywhere. I don't think Japanese people could even lease land.

Q: What was your father doing then?

Mr. Fukuda: My father was working as a share cropper in Oakland raising tomatos and cucumbers. He worked for landlords and raised their crops. I think the rate was on a 50-50 basis. The reason my father came to the United States was to begin a business. My father brought canned goods and pickles from Japan and sold them in the Hayward area. It did not work out very well, so he had to quit. Then he began to work as a share cropper. When I came here things were not going very well. In fact, he even lost some money. You could lose money as a share cropper you know. Some years were good, but others were not. The year I came was not a good year, because he lost quite a bit of money the year before and he could not recover from it.

So when I came to the USA, my father was working at a cannery, too. I was a houseboy in Walnut Creek and San Francisco. That was the pattern of my life during the early years in this country.

Q: Did your father stay in the Oakland area all the time?

Mr. Fukuda: No, he had to move around. It all depended on the availability of the jobs as a share cropper since it was on a yearly basis.

I became a school boy in San Francisco. My wage was very cheap. I was paid \$1.50 a week. My work was first of all to make breakfast for the family and then to clean up the kitchen. After that, I went to a English school for Japanese people located at the Pine Methodist Church. I would get home about 4:00 p.m. and do some chores. Monday was wash day. It was not

like today; we did not have washing machines. So I had to boil tubfulls of water and wash them by hand.

Tuesday was ironing day. Basketfulls of clothes were waiting for me. Wednesday I cleaned the yard. The fourth day I forgot now what I did. Anyway, I did all kinds of things like painting, cleaning house, and other odd jobs.

On Saturday, at least for a half day, I had to clean the house. Sunday was my day off. I did not have to do anything.

I had to pay \$2.00 for tuition at school. I had to take a street car to get there. I guess I was there from the summer of 1917 to the next year.

Q: When did you come from Japan?

Mr. Fukuda: I came with my parents to the United States in 1922. However, we were classified as Hi-Imin (non-immigrant). My parents had a business, so I came as their helper.

Q: Then both of you have backgrounds in business. When did you get married?

Mr. Fukuda: It was in 1926. I don't think my wife had a background in business to speak of.

Q: But her family had a business, right?

Mrs. Fukuda: We were in Wyoming, but we came back to Sacramento. My brother used to work for Aki Shoten, I think old timers know that store very well. Because he was in Sacramento, we came to live with him. We decided to settle down here.

Q: Then Mr. Fukuda, where did you go afterwards?

Mr. Fukuda: During summer vacation, I went to a farm to work. I had to accumulate enough money to go to school for the next

school year. Most of the students used to do this. We used to look forward to this time to work. I used to go to the Oakland area to work. I also worked in a cannery in Monterey. I was able to accumulate a small amount of money and returned to San Francisco to go to school.

Because of personal reasons, I left the home where I was a school boy and went to San Diego and worked in a nursery for a while. It was owned by Japanese people, but my work was just like a school boy. I went to elementary school there, too. I must have been 19 years old at that time. The owner of the nursery sold his property and went back to Japan. So I had to go back to San Francisco. There I did some house work. Then the summer came, so I went to San Jose and worked for a nurseryman again. At that time my father came back to the USA, bringing back his second wife. Well, I worked for about a month and a half with my father.

As I felt that I still had to go to school, I left my father's house again and went back to San Francisco. I spent several years doing these things. The problem between Japan and the USA began to worsen. About that time I was planning to go back to Japan. Well, you see the situation in the USA was not that good. We could not obtain citizenship, and we were ill treated. I wanted to go back to Japan, since I had not been back for a while. Just at that time I was injured, so I missed the opportunity. You see, I had to spend quite a bit of money for my injury.

Q: Well than, how did you meet your wife?

Mrs. Fukuda: You see, I was a member of the Presbyterian Church in Sacramento (Mr. Fukuda to interviewer: It's your church) and he was a member of the Baptist Church, and he used to come over for meetings. I belonged to the Fujinkai. It did not amount to much, but old and young ladies got together and made tea for the people who attended the meetings.

Well, he began the drug store at that time on 3rd and N Streets. (Mr. Fukuda-- There is no building there anymore.) There is nothing there anymore. He lived in the store and a man living near the store whose name was Mr. Nakama, a member of the Presbyterian Church, became the "Nakaudo" for him, and the parents of Rev. D. Toriumi became the "Nakaudo" for my side, because they were just like my parents. Mrs. Toriumi was my sewing teacher and I almost lived there. That's how the discussion about our marriage advanced.

Q: Then when did you come to Sacramento?

Mr. Fukuda: Well, as a share cropper in Oakland, I think it was cucumbers that I raised. I did not lose money nor did I make too much. I wanted to go to town and begin a business. There was a mah by the name of Tagawa in San Lorenzo. He told me that if I wanted to go to Los Angeles, I ought to look up Rev. Nishimura. So I found him in Los Angeles. The first floor of his house was a chapel, and the second floor was a boarding house. Many people stayed there. So I decided to stay with him. I began to learn something about faith at that time.

After that I came up to Sacramento as I used to know a man who lived in the lower area of the Sacramento River. I thought I had better study English for a few more years, so I went back to high school. I did not learn too much because I did not have a good basic education under my belt. In the beginning it was OK. I did not have the courses in algebra in Japan so I had difficulty. I felt I had to do something else, for I was not getting any younger. Fortunately there was a good man, a member of the Buddhist Church, who had a store. I worked for him. Well, I really wanted to visit Japan, so I told him that I wanted to quit working there by the end of the year. So I began making preparations to go back to Japan.

Well, it so happened that there was a drug store across the street from that store, and someone told me to buy that store and begin a business of my own. I did not have the money to buy that store, but I knew a wealthy man who could buy it. We bought that store together and we began the business as partners. It was at that time that I met my wife and we were married.

Q: Lots of things must have happened to you while you were going here and there. What do you remember most? Were you mistreated because of your race?

Mr. Fukuda: Well, there were prejudicial acts directed against individuals and the whole society seemed to be against the Japanese people. We could not do anything. At that time, anybody could open a drug store because there were no regulations to follow. One could open a drugstore with a learner's license, and a few years

after working in the drugstore, one could take an examination to become a licensed pharmacist. I obtained a learner's license, but just about that time the regulation became tighter and one could not become a pharmacist without citizenship. On top of that one had to go to school, and even then, one could not qualify for a pharmacist's license. It seemed senseless for me to have a drugstore if I could not become a pharmacist.

I thought there was no hope in owning this small store, so I decided to part with it. I naturally left the store. (Mrs. Fukuda-- It was after we were married.) Yes, it was after we had our first baby, too.

Well, it was like that everywhere. In order to buy land, and even lease it, one had to be a citizen. So we were disadvantaged because by law, we could not even borrow land to farm. White people used to call us "Jap". When kids looked at us, they used to call us "Chink". That was a derogatory name for Chinese people, but they could not see the difference between Japanese and Chinese. Things such as this were happening all the time; it was very bad then.

Q: It must have been after 1924.

Mr. Fukuda: It was just like that before 1924. People who had to have land had to lease it in the name of someone with citizenship.

(Mrs. Fukuda: It was very difficult. Those who had to borrow someone's name had to bring gifts to the name lender.) I was not affected directly, but whites and the Asians went to segregated schools. Places like Florin, Walnut Grove and Courtland had segregated schools.

Because we did not have citizenship, we always came out on the losing end when we were sued or when we sued someone. It did not happen to me personally, but it happened to many people. For example, when a Japanese person's car was hit by a white man, you could never win the case. You just had to cry and forget the loss. Even if the case was in our favor, it was quite certain that we would lose.

Q: Then what did you do after you gave up your drug store?

Mr. Fukuda: After that I became a traveling salesman. I bought all kinds of things like drugs and dry goods, and sold them as I visited various towns. Well, you know, that business too did not work out well. Besides, I could not continue that forever.

Q: What did you do, Mrs. Fukuda, at that time?

Mrs. Fukuda: Yes, at that time I kept the store at home. He used to keep candies, senbeis and all kinds of things which were sent from Japan. So I sold them. These things used to come in big cans. So I used to separate them into small quantities, weigh them, and put them in small bags. I did these things at home. I also did sewing. My husband used to carry yardage besides candies and senbeis. Japanese women did not have enough time to sew because they worked in the field. When my husband brought yardage, they asked him to make dresses for them. I think people knew that I used to sew at Toriumi's.

So my husband used to take the measurements. In the beginning he did not know how to take measurements properly. He used to tell me, so much here and so much there. So I taught him how to measure correctly. He took down the measurements and brought

them home. They used to tell me that they liked comfortable dresses. So I sewed these dresses and he would take them back to these people on his next trip to that area.

Q: What area did you go around?

Mr. Fukuda: I went to Marysville in the north, and Lodi and Stockton in the south. I went around the neighboring towns and also went down the river, too. After that, we bought a grocery store. We had to do some business with white people because the number of Japanese was limited. So we bought a grocery store at 15th and E, and opened business there. Well, it was just about that time when the depression hit us.

Q: Was your grocery business successful?

Mr. Fukuda: No. I did not think so. The neighborhood people were laborers. The business was OK I suppose. We did not lose any money there for a while. It was a very small store which we managed by ourselves. The size of the business was limited.

There was a huge SP shop there and many people worked there. You see, this shop used to make everything. But with the depression, this shop was closed up. I did business with the workers of the shop and did business with credit. But when the SP shop was closed, we could not collect the money. White people were not like Japanese people, you know. When the shop was closed and they did not have income, they did not even attempt to return the money they owed us.

As you can see, it became very difficult to do business for us there. The owner of the grocery store had business elsewhere. I guess he was doing grocery business there, too. We hashed

things over with him. He said that he would not mind coming back to this location. The business at the other store was on a cash basis, so if I wanted to take that store, I could switch with him. So finally we swapped stores.

Q: Was he a white man?

Mr. Fukuda: Yes, he was. It was indeed better there because the business was on a cash basis. But there was one Chinese grocery store right across the street from us. His store was very large with many people, including butchers, working there. They seemed to be a wholesale store. However, we were able to maintain our business. Unfortunately, a white man opened up a store on the other side of the corner. This white man did business on what they called "yamakan".

Q: What is yamakan?

Mr. Fukuda: Well, that means the man who does business with a high risk, a gambling type of a business. He remodeled his house and bought very cheap canned goods and sold them. You see, he used to buy cans from the canneries which went bankrupt. He used to get good brand name items and sell them under cost as a come on. So these three stores began to compete against each other. We began to take losses everyday. The depression was upon us and the price of goods began to get lower and lower. I could not continue my business much longer.

I cashed in my life insurance and poured it into the store, although it was not enough to pull us through. The lease of that store was for 5 years so we could not leave that store. Besides

that, people around us stole things from our store. It became so difficult that we even borrowed money from my wife's parents in order to continue.

Fortunately, this man owned 15 acres of land in the Florin area. He offered to trade it for the store. The land still had a mortgage of about \$600.00 and I would have to take care of it. Well, it was bare land. Absolutely nothing was on it. We did not know what to do. Every month we were losing about \$150 on the store. It was very big money at that time. Even that bare land seemed to me a better deal and so we decided to take it and paid off the \$600 mortgage on it.

We did make an exchange, but now we did not know where to go for we had no place to live. We used to live in a small room off the store before we sold it.

My wife's parents and brother lived in Broderick at that time. (There were about 10 Japanese families living there.) They were farmers and raised vegetables. We went to live with them and helped them to farm. There was not enough space for us to live in their house. My father-in-law's house had only one bedroom; however, they let us stay there for a week or so. But then, we could not stay like that forever. So we decided that we needed a new house. My father said, "I will loan you \$50 in order to find used lumber to build a home."

I borrowed a truck and went out to look for used lumber. My father-in-law came with me. Someone told us that there was cheap used lumber in a certain store. We went there and bought

\$50 worth of lumber. But even at that time, \$50 worth of lumber was not enough. We had to figure out how to erect a house with this limited amount of lumber. That was our problem to solve.

First of all we had to have a floor. We built a 12 X 20 ft. floor. Secondly, we had to have the walls. If we built columns at four corners, we would not have enough lumber, so we had to build a house which did not have columns. We arranged the 2 X 4's to make four walls and pushed the walls against each other and erected the four walls of the house. We nailed down the corners to stabilize them. That's how we made our house. It was enough to withstand the rain, so the three of us -- my wife, my child and myself-- slept there.

It was very very hot in the summer. We did not have a ceiling, and the roof was only a thin board. When the sun beat against it, the inside became very hot. We had a wood burning stove made out of sheet metal. We had to cook on it by burning wood which added a terrific amount of heat to the house.

The wall was full of holes through which the mosquitos could come into the house. We had to paste newspapers on these holes, not only to keep mosquitos but bees from coming into the house.

In the winter, it was very cold, because of the thin walls. We used to put up a mosquito net to keep the heat inside. When it rained hard, and the wind blew against the house, it shook violently. One night the wind was so strong that we wondered whether the house would be able to withstand it. My father-in-law told us to stay in their house, so we moved in with them. We brought out some beams and put them against the house to support it. Soon, we heard a huge noise and upon jumping outside, I saw a board ripped off the room, and roof paper flying all over

the place. We covered the inside of the house with canvas so that things would not get wet. That was our house at that time.

It was depression time, and wages were very low. I used to work for 10¢ an hour, receiving \$1.00 a day. Since we were at my wife's parent's home, we did not have to buy vegetables. We just had to buy meat and other necessities. We did have enough to eat, though.

Well, our job began about 5:00 a.m. We worked hard all day. After dinner, we worked until 11:00 p.m. packing tomatos during the season. We spent that summer in this way. However, in the fall there was no work at father's place. Fortunately, a neighbor asked me to work for him. I was to handle a horse. Jobs were very scarce at that time and I was very eager to work. Having never handled a horse before, I practiced handling a horse for 2 days and then went to work.

Many kinds of heavy equipment such as a fertilizer spreader, were pulled by the horse. I piled up bags of fertilizer on a cart for the horse to pull. However, since the horse was so thin, it did not have the strength to pull the cart. I had to lighten the load and do it little by little. I worked very hard for 10¢ an hour.

The banks of the American River are very clean now. But it used to be a jungle. During the depression, many people did not have a home to live in or food to eat. They went to the American River area, pitched tents, or made shacks with old wood and lived there. We did not have to live there, but I wanted to show how

difficult it was during that period of time.

You see, there were no jobs after that so I did not know what to do. So with a small amount of money I bought dry goods to sell and deliver to families. I became a traveling salesman again.

A truck which belonged to my father-in-law was available for my use. I was able to sell things but I did not know how long I would be able to continue for I was worried about my health. If I became ill, that would be the end of my family. There would be no assurance at all. So I wanted to begin some business again. Well, it so happened that there was a liquor store for sale. I made a down payment with what little money I had and began my business. It was rough going; it did not go well at all. We had the second child at that time. She was born in the house in Broderick.

Mrs. Fukuda: During the pregnancy of this child, I used to work in the lettuce field, too. I used to carry one whole crate of lettuce, even though my stomach was very big. You know that is very heavy. Even a man had to strain himself to carry it.

Q: Where was the store?

Mr. Fukuda: It was located at 4th and L Streets, second store from the corner. Well, I was losing money in that store, too. Because my wife was busy with the baby, I had to hire a girl to work for me. I had her take care of the business there, and also I continued to work as a traveling salesman.

Soon I had to give up that store because I was losing money. I had to get out of it, so I just left everything there and got out.

We still had that 15 acre land in Florin, so I thought it would be better for us to build a house there and grow some strawberries. We still had to pay that mortgage, and the land was being wasted. So we made plans to build a house. We did not have enough money to build so we built a foundation that first year. That was all we could afford.

The next year, I borrowed money from a friend and built a house. In today's standard, it was a very small house, but in comparison to Japanese standards of that time, it was a plush house.

We dug a well there and planted strawberries. The friend who loaned us money came to help us. I was still working as a traveling salesman. Sometimes I let him do the selling and I took care of the field. The depression began to take its toll on many big enterprises. The National Bank in Sacramento went under. After that, many other banks went bankrupt also. The biggest store owned by a Japanese family went bankrupt and many others followed suit. It was about 1930 and 1931.

Fortunately, my business went very well. So we pinched pennies and added here and there to the house. I was very lucky, I think, because most businessmen were losing money at that time.

You see, what I had on the house was just the outside walls. We bought plywood little by little and added to the interior of the house. We did all these things by ourselves.

Mrs. Fukuda: Even I became very good at pounding nails.

Mr. Fukuda: After that, we painted the house and it became very nice looking. Within a few years we were able to return the money we owed. We planted strawberries in a 3-acre field. It

grew very well there. We took our strawberries to the association and everyone was praised. We usually separated strawberries according to the grades. The best ones usually went to hotels and good restaurants where we could sell them for a good price. We also built a small shack where we sold our strawberries. It was a great success. We just could not keep up with orders.

Mrs. Fukuda: These people used to wait for us to bring strawberries from the field. We used to ask customers to go elsewhere to buy strawberries, but they said, "No, I want the strawberries from this store!"

Mr. Fukuda: You see, it was very close to the highway and people could see the crowd, so even travelers used to see what was going on there. They used to slam on their brakes right in front of our house just to see the strawberries. I think we sold strawberries there real well. We did not give any extra amount, but it was the quality of those berries that people were buying. The next year we were able to hire a farm helper to run the business.

My wife came down with hayfever. It was very bad. She could not go into the field anymore. I did make more money as a traveling salesman. So we could not give that up.

We had a Phillipino man who had helped us with strawberries. So he worked for us as a share cropper. However, this man was not like Japanese farmers. He did not know how to grow strawberries very well. So it did not work out very well for both of us. So this man said it was not good for him so he decided to quit.

Well, that was the end of the deal with him.

After that we leased the field. One tenant planted some trees and flowers and took them to the market. Well, my wife's hayfever was getting worse and Rev. Igarashi said, "People with hayfever feel well in San Francisco." He came to pick her up, but she was so sick that she could not move. He said if she was that sick he had better not take her. So he went home. It was that bad. We began to think about going to Japan for a visit because there was no hayfever in Japan. We thought it might be good for her. So we took the two children and went to Japan. It was 1939, just before the war.

Her hayfever was completely cured in Japan. She even forgot she had ever had it. Our children even went to school in Kumamoto for a while.

On the way home, we passed Pittsburg and her hayfever came right back to her there. I had to start the business as a traveling salesman. Our house was occupied by the people who were leasing our land.

After I came back from Japan, I brought quite a bit of dry goods and yardage to sell. I had the Lodi area in mind because it was the end of the grape season. However, I came down with Typhoid. In the beginning I did not think that it was such a serious disease, so I pushed myself. One Sunday morning, although I felt very weak, I took my children to Sunday school. There was only one doctor available on that day. I called her and was told to come over to her office right away.

In her office she took my pulse and temperature. She seemed surprised and asked me how I was able to come to her office. I told her that I took my children to Sunday school and drove over there. She said that things did not look well. She told me to lie down on a couch. She studied my condition and said it looked very strange and dangerous and that it looked like Typhoid fever. She took me home that day. I don't remember what happened to my truck. After she came to my house she checked many things in my house. She brought her microscope along, so she took some specimen and looked at them under the microscope. However, she could not find anything at that time. She said my temperature was very high and that I must be hospitalized right away.

Mrs. Fukuda: The next morning he was hospitalized at 10:00 a.m. The doctor took care of all the necessary details. They could not find the cause of his illness. The doctor used to give him medicine which brought his temperature down. But after 6 hours, his temperature would go up again. So he would have to take some more medicine. One day I asked the doctor whether he might have malaria since I had heard that the symptoms were similar to those of typhoid fever. I also heard that if it was malaria, it could be cured with a shot. So I asked the doctor if she could give him a shot.

But the doctor said, "As a doctor, I cannot give him a shot without knowing the cause of his illness". He stayed in the hospital for a week before they discovered that it was indeed typhoid fever.

His fever was very high and his condition did not improve. He

received blood transfusions every day, as well as many shots. Sometimes he could not hear nor see anything. When the doctor said, "Fukuda san!", he would just open his eyes and not respond to her at all. However, halfway through the transfusion, when the doctor called him again saying, "Fukuda san!", he responded to her by saying, "Hai". She asked, "Can you see me?" Then he replied, "Yes, I can see you." It was a very strange experience. He received quite a number of shots. I used to go visit him every day so the doctor taught me how to disinfect myself as well as our household goods. We lived on the farm and the toilet was one of the most dangerous places. She taught me how to disinfect it. I used to boil dishes and bowls and utensils. I wiped walls and desks with disinfectant. The doctor said bacteria would die by sunlight, so I took the mattress out and put it in the sun. I could not ask anyone else to help me due to the nature of the illness. I carried out the mattresses by myself by tying neckties around the mattress and pulling it out. One time, an inspector came to check on our disinfecting procedure so I explained all the things I had done. The inspector said, "You have a very good doctor. She taught you very well."

Q: What was the name of the doctor?

Mrs. Fukuda: This woman doctor's name was Dr. Tobasaki (may be Togasaki). Her daughter is now a doctor in San Francisco. We had to spend lots of money in the hospital because his case was very special. The hospital charge was very very high. as he had a private room, special care, special laundry and everything else was special. I gave the doctor my check book so that she could

write any amount necessary to help him. I asked her whether or not a special nurse was needed. Then she said, "You don't have to spend money that quickly. When his condition becomes very critical, then I will hire a special nurse for him." She did have to hire one for him when his condition became very critical. I was really grateful for the good care she gave my husband.

While my husband was in the hospital, the goods that he had previously ordered came in and was stored clear up to the ceiling. The doctor called various churches and asked for a volunteer to drive a car for me. The brother of a Sunday school student who was in junior college, was available. Since my older son used to go around with my husband and as he knew the route, he was able to be the guide. So three of us, the driver, my son and I, went out to sell the materials and dry goods.

The doctor told us that my husband could not go out to sell until his fever subsided and his temperature became normal. So the doctor would not consent to my husband's dismissal from the hospital. Thus, I went out to sell the material without telling my husband. Our customers asked us what we were doing and told us that they had been waiting for my husband for a long time. When I told them what had happened, they said, "Oh, it must have been quite a worry for you. Hey, let's get together here and buy these materials from her!!" So everybody came out and bought things from us. Before leaving, we had to ask these customers for any information regarding my husband's regular route. These people drew a map for us showing the route that he used to take. We followed the map and visited more homes. Everyone was so kind to us.

I did not know how much these items were supposed to be, since my husband had never told me about these things. A friend of ours who worked for Yorozu, came and made an estimate on these goods. Later, I found out that some of these materials were sold at less than our wholesale price. Even if we lost money, we were able to continue by the grace of God and by the love of our friends.

So we kept on going. Our business was very good. It was the time when dahlias were blooming at their peak when I finally had to tell my husband of my involvement in his business. One customer had many dahlias blooming in his yard. When we went there, he brought them and asked me to take the dahlias to the hospital. Thus, I could not keep my part in his business from him any longer since people were so nice and sent things to him.

I also told him about all the help I received. Then he said, "I did not know that you could do such things." He was very happy. We were very thankful for everything.

One time Rev. Kimura came to take me to the hospital. Then, I thought that my husband must be in a very critical condition. When we got there, he was almost unconscious. He could not see nor hear anything at all. His doctor let me in the room although it had not been done in the past. However, she warned me not to touch the walls and bed. The important thing for me was that I was able to go into the room and see him.

When I went to see him, he jumped up on the bed and sat up. He placed his chin on his hand and said, "I'm very sorry, but we are out of that item right now." I was quite surprised. It was the first time I had ever heard or seen anything like this.

Soon a nurse came in to raise the sides. I was told that many people with high temperatures became delirious. Soon two doctors came in, one was Dr. Harris and the other was Dr. Gundola. I understood that there was nothing that Dr. Gundola did not know.

So I had 3 doctors working for him. They thought he might have to undergo surgery because of a tumor in his intestine. They explained that at times there may be a growth on the wall of the intestine, and if it is rubbed off, it can be very dangerous due to bleeding.

I was told to wait until a decision could be made as to the necessity of surgery. That seemed to be very long. My husband was so thin and I felt that he had a better chance of surviving without an operation. While I was praying in the waiting room, the doctor came in and told me that they had decided against surgery. I was so happy. After that, his condition improved steadily. His temperature came down and he was finally able to come home. Although he was getting well, he continued to have good days and bad days.

Q: How many days was he in the hospital?

Mrs. Fukuda: Two months. I was told that before, typhoid patients were not fed in the hospital. Patients improved more rapidly when they were fed and were easier to care for after they returned home.

I had heard that typhoid patients would die if they ate too much so I wanted him kept in the hospital until he could eat well. I was very afraid that he would eat something which he was not supposed to while I was working in the field.

The doctor said that my husband could eat anything he wanted to in moderation. After returning from the hospital, he asked me whether he could eat all the things which I gave him. He was very careful about eating, so I did not have to worry about his eating anymore. We were lucky that the treatment of typhoid had changed, making it very easy for me to take care of him.

A week after he came out of the hospital, the war broke out between the USA and Japan.

Mr. Fukuda: I was in the hospital for 60 days, but I could not see anything for 40 days. The day the war broke out was the day when I got out of the bed and walked for the first time. I had to walk along the wall because I was so weak.

Mrs. Fukuda: We used to take our kids to Sunday school in our car. After he became sick we had to send them by bus. But the morning when war was declared, I sent them out to Sunday school, but they came back. So I asked them, "What happened?" They said, "The driver said we were Japanese so he would not be able to take us." I thought it was terrible. I felt I was degraded (nasakenai) and felt helpless. I told them, "Why didn't you tell him that you were Americans?" They replied, "Yes, we told him so, but he said our faces were those of Japanese, so he would not take us."

We asked our friend to take our children to Sunday school that day. A member of our Church brought our children back afterward and said, "A terrible thing is happening now. War has broken out between the United States and Japan." So I said, "You must be kidding!" But he said, "It is true. Turn a radio on." Every station on the radio was talking about the war. We were very surprised. But there was not much we could do about it. My husband just stayed in the house and recuperated.

We spent all the money we had for the hospital. And the banks were closed to us. However, we were not too worried because we were able to live to this day, and we had had a satisfying life. I had no regrets. We did worry about the future, for whatever might happen to us, we, the whole Japanese community, will be moving together, and everything would be all right. They told us that we had nothing to be afraid of because we were going to be together.

Mr. Fukuda: The war broke out on December 7, 1941. The people in San Pedro were evacuated first. We were evacuated just about the last - sometime in May. Sacramentans were evacuated in April. and Marysville people were evacuated after us. We did not receive any notice of evacuation personally. The notice of evacuation was posted on the telephone poles by the highway. I suppose the government put them up in the morning, but I did not know about it until evening. The next day, representatives from JACL Florin Chapter came to see us, and told us about the evacuation in detail. Come to think of it, the notice of evacuation was posted on Thursday, we learned of it Thursday evening, and we were also told of a meeting at Florin Hall on that day.

We all were to attend that meeting. They told us that we would be evacuated on Sunday morning.

Q: You mean you had only 2 days to prepare for the evacuation?

Mr. Fukuda: Yes. We were told that we were leaving at 7:00 in the morning from the Florin train station. We were to gather there. We would be transported by bus. We were told that we could carry as much as we could carry in our hands. We were not to carry anything with a blade or anything which might be dangerous, such as guns.

We were told that we could not travel further than 10 miles from our house - it may have been only 5 miles. Our Church was in Sacramento and beyond the distance that we were permitted to travel, so we could not go to Church. Although we lived in Florin our business was in Sacramento so we did not know what to do.

Even when we had to buy a smaller radio, we could not take it. We had to ask a friend to come within the 5 mile area allowed us. We packed strawberries and had a picnic and promised to see each other again.

Q: What happened to the money you saved in the bank?

Mrs. Fukuda: All banks were closed to us and so we could not take anything out. We did business with a Japanese bank. I was the treasurer of the Fujinkai so I rushed to the bank to withdraw our money, but it was too late. Everybody was yelling at the bank officials to open the bank, but they could not do that.

Mr. Fukuda: The name of the bank was "Sumitomo Bank". Savings and other accounts were closed to Japanese people in other non-Japanese banks. It did reopen for us, though, in the camps and the money was returned to us there. The checking account became available to Japanese people much sooner, though I'm not sure whether one could write a large amount. But we were permitted to write checks.

You see, I was not able to go to the bank in Sacramento because it was located more than 5 miles away from my home. So I had to transfer my account to the bank in Elk Grove and the one in Oak Park. Actually, we went to the branch in Oak Park first and then to Elk Grove.

On Friday, I went to the bank in Elk Grove and withdrew all the money we had there, and bought coats and other clothing worth \$100.00. Everybody told us to buy many things to keep white people happy. So we bought lots of things, especially clothing. Our children had some savings, but as we had no assurance as to what might happen to the money, we drew out the money and bought overcoats for each.

The materials that I bought to sell were stacked to the ceiling in my wife's room. I wanted to sell these things to the people in the Lodi area after the grape season as over. Well, I had to sell all these materials to pay my doctors and hospital. Besides, I did not have any money at all.

Mrs. Fukuda: I told him that if he could drive for me, I could do the selling. He was barely strong enough to drive the car, but that was the extent of his day's activity.

Mr. Fukuda: I stayed in the car and my wife went out to do the selling. I just had to sell things which I had at home, because I did not know when we would have to evacuate. We sold our goods at half price. If we were evacuated, we would have to leave everything behind. We had to go to the houses which were within a 5 mile radius. Even under such condition, we were able to sell all the items we had.

While I was sick, I could not sell, so I could not pay the wholesale stores. The owner of the wholesale store trusted me and said, "Bring the money anytime you are able to do so." I usually did business on a cash basis. I was a very good buyer from this wholesale store. I just had to make enough money within a week and pay them back. I was very glad to be able to pay the wholesale store back.

Mrs. Fukuda: Well, he did not know this, but I was able to go out and sell some of the materials, so we had a little money.

Mr. Fukuda: At that time there were two friends who really worried about us. One is in Denver now. The other one was Ichikawa, who said to my wife, "You probably have no money right now." So he loaned my wife \$600.00. And he said, "All the money my wife earned has been saved till now. But right now you need it. So you use it." The other friend also asked my wife about our financial condition. So she told him that Mr. Ichikawa loaned us money. He was quite angry upon learning this and said,

"I have been setting aside some money in case something happened to my family or a friend's family. You should have asked me for help." I was sick for such a long time, he must have been worrying about us and waiting for us to ask for help. I was really thankful for these magnificent friends. I felt like crying in gratitude.

Think of it, it was such a large sum of money then, and it still is now. They were willing to let us have it. After I sold all the materials, we were able to pay back all our debts. I still had a little left for our own use. Soon it was May and the evacuation order came. Before that I had made an arrangement with a white man to sell our truck. We had just purchased a good stove, a piano and a radio. We had to sell these things we owned very cheaply. Many people came into homes and asked the occupants to leave their things for them. They knew that the Japanese people had to evacuate and sell whatever they owned very cheaply. When the evacuating Japanese quoted a price for their household goods, they were told that the price was too much and were forced to sell them on the buyer's term. For instance, the stove for which we paid \$200 was sold for \$15.

It was the same with the radio, washing machine, and all other tools and appliances. When we came back, we could not even buy a washing machine. In any case, we had to sell everything very cheaply; it was just like throwing things away. One person came in and asked us to leave everything - curtains and all. I guess he did not have anything in his own home.

The day we moved, I called up this person, but he did not come. So we had to close the house and leave. I had no choice but to sell our paneled truck which I had bought a year before for \$400. I made an agreement with the purchaser that I could use the truck until the day of evacuation. However, this man did not show up on the day of evacuation. I did not know what to do, so I loaded it up with our luggage and went to the gathering place.

When I left town, I asked a friend, a garage owner, to keep it for me. We had asked people in the Christian Center to take care of our home, so we called them up and confirmed the arrangement.

We had a 3 year old passenger car which the garage owner sold for us for \$100. Everyone carried as much as they could and went to the assembly center which was located near Marysville.

It was a very bad camp because it was the last one built. The barracks were poorly built. The contractors must have cut corners in many ways. Instead of laying a foundation, they brought sand from the nearby river, placed 2 x 4's on it and laid the floor directly on top of that. It was the cheapest lumber one could find. The only thing separating the interior and the outside was a very thin wall.

But we had to take those barracks because there were no others. Within a month, its floor began to warp because it was laid right on top of the sand. When the floors became dry, there were strips of space between the boards and the grass grew out from between these spaces. We had to enter the rooms

which were in these condition. These barracks did not have a ceiling. Cheap lumber was used for the roof and the walls had many holes. We lived there for one month.

The mess hall was very small so people had to wait in line. When we were late, we had to wait as long as one hour to get in. It was on a first come first serve basis. After one month we were taken to Tule Lake. Because we were late comers, all the available jobs were taken. We did not have any income. After some time, I finally found a job at the warehouse. I was to take care of the shipments which came in from the outside. These shipments consisted of food, furniture for the while civilian workers, cement for new buildings and houses, and various other things. I worked for them for about one month. I was paid \$14 a month. Meanwhile, another job opportunity opened up for me.

Winter was coming and the barracks were not made for winter. They were constructed very cheaply. One board separated the interior from the outside and there were no ceilings in the houses. The wall had many holes and so plaster boards had to be put up to keep us warm inside. This job was done on a volunteer basis, but the things that volunteers could do were finished in a very short time. Teams of men who could do the more difficult work had to be organized, so I was hired as a manager-foreman.

I organized a 20-man crew to do the job. In the beginning I went alone to learn the job. Among those men were Mr. Morimoto and Mr. Takeda of Capital Fish. We went all over the camp to work. We were paid \$14, so the crew just did not have much enthusiasm.

Well, it was very difficult to be the foreman. I had to make arrangements with government officials for the next contract, and my crew would not work unless I worked ahead of them as foreman.

It was very difficult for me. If I was not diligent, I would not be a very good example for my children. So I did my best. Even while my crews were smoking, I would be on the phone to make some arrangements. Our crew put out twice as much work as the other crews. I did this work for a while and then I moved on to another job.

There was a co-op store in the camp. I worked in their warehouse. All workers and managers there were Japanese people. So I became an assistant buyer of the drug department. The head man's name was Hamaichi, who was a licensed pharmacist. He bought all the drugs and I bought the toilet articles. At that time I was paid the top salary which was \$19. The doctors, dentists, and other professional people were paid the same. Mr. Takeda, a lawyer, and Dr. H. Sugiyama, an MD, were paid \$19 also.

Meanwhile, segregation among Japanese people began on the basis of the loyalty oath. At that time, I was a representative for the block. I attended meetings where "loyal and disloyal" questions were discussed. My function was to bring back the content of these meetings. The question of loyalty or disloyalty to the United States became a very serious problem for the Tule Lake community. Some said, "We are Japanese and cannot become loyal citizens of the United States." The problem was blown out of proportion. It was poorly explained to us and that added to the

confusion. Finally, it was put to us in this way, "Are you willing to obey the law of the land?" Then it was very easy for us to answer.

The first question was a very bad one. That's why people were upset. People had to be split between loyal and disloyal Japanese to the United States, and that created tremendous hurt among the people. Finally, the issue was clarified. It was very easy to understand and did not create pain anymore. We were told that if we were, in fact, law abiding people, we were to transfer to any other camp we chose. Those people who could not even agree to abide by the law were brought to the Tule Lake Camp.

However, those people who wanted to move as a group had only one camp to go to, Jerome, Arkansas. The rumor spread that Jerome was the worst camp built and that it was in the middle of a jungle and was very hot. But I did not mind that at all. If we were to go anyplace, I wanted to try places where I had never been. Most of the church people petitioned to move as a group and so we were sent to Jerome. It took about a week to get there.

The bus which transported us was an old one. It looked like it had not been used for 10 years and these were pulled out for this use only. We spent Sunday on the bus. Since the people in the bus were all Baptists, we had a worship service right there. Rev. Igarashi, who was with us, conducted the service. We sang hymns, had prayers and Rev. Igarashi had a message for us. When we arrived at Jerome, things were much more peaceful. It was a very good place to live. Even the food was better. There was no

comparison really with Tule Lake. People were better and the houses were better. People in Jerome were much more cooperative and worked harder as a whole. People constructed roads very well, too.

The people in Tule Lake were not organized well, simply because they came from different backgrounds. It was just a mess there. The government did not provide good leadership or good materials. There were lots of complaints. Even the things which the government did for the Japanese people in other camps, were not done there. Food was very bad, such as frozen herring, tasteless macaroni, and hot cakes. Food in general was terrible.

In Jerome things were quite different, but a year after we arrived there, the Camp was closed because many people left the camp. We arrived in September and the Camp was closed in June.

From there we went to Heart Mountain Camp in Wyoming. We were there for one year. Jerome was very hot with high humidity which made us very uncomfortable. However, it was a very good place. They had fireflies, "Kikyo" flowers, "Ominaeshe" and others. They were not the same as the ones which grew in Japan, but they were very similar. Outside of that camp was a jungle. These fireflies were very big. They used to come out in April. It was very humid, making one perspire at just a little exertion.

Heart Mountain Camp was very cold. The coldest temperature which we experienced there was -28 degrees. When one touched a door knob in the cold temperature, the skin would stick to the door knob. We had to be very careful. Someone told me that there was a job in the city of Palm (?) and they suggested that

I should go out there and work. It was a job in a warehouse. The nature of the work was to clean up seeds. There were about 30 people from Sacramento and Seattle working there.

A rumor spread that we might be able to go back to Japan, and if you did not want to go back, then we had better return to the Camp because we might not be able to get back into it. If we could not get back in the Camp, then we might miss the opportunity. So everybody quit their job and came back into the Camp. There was a place called "Bank" in the Camp where people cashed checks which they made inside or outside the Camp. There were also 6 canteens there. One had to collect all these checks, count them, and take them to a bank in the city. I worked there as a manager. It was a big job. Every time I went to town, I used to bring back about 30-40 thousand dollars in cash. Though people in the Camp could not go out freely, I was able to get a permit very easily. So I became very familiar with the town.

Meanwhile, the situation in the West eased up a little so I was able to come back to Sacramento. We had experienced so much prejudice and oppression in California I did not want to come back here again. I even asked the administration to find a job for me elsewhere. But I did come back to the West Coast.

One week before I knew that I was coming back to California, an attorney in Florin sent a message to me and said that the 15-acre land was sold for \$3,200. I received less than \$3,000 because of the fee for the attorney and other incidentals. It was 15-acre

land. There was a house and a well on it. All of this was sold for \$3,500. After I came back, I went to see the realtor. He said, "It was cheap, but we could not help it." There is a vacant lot about 5 blocks further back in the country side. It was about 1 mile behind the lot. It has a small house. It's about \$1,200 dollars." It was a real wild land and we could not use them immediately. Well, I went to WRA and talked to them about it. But they said, "You received money, so there is nothing we can do about it."

By April we were able to return to the West Coast. Everybody was afraid of being attacked by the white people. Mr. Osuga, who owned a cleaners, came back in the middle of April and asked me if I could come back to help in his business. I could not quit my job immediately, so I came back to California in May.

The war was still going on at that time. I did come back to California, but prejudice and oppression were very severe. The first problem I found was that I could not find a home to live in. The homes which were formerly occupied by Japanese people were occupied by many black families. Each house was occupied by 4 to 5 families. Sheets were hung in the rooms to divide it into smaller units. I had a very difficult time finding a place to live. When I finally found a house, it was small and dirty. The owner did not keep his agreement and we had no light. We lived by candle light for about a month.

For about a month, I helped in Mr. Osuga's hostel which was located in the Sunday school classrooms of the Japanese Pioneer

Methodist Church. I paid for my own room and board and also helped him. A small number of Japanese people used to come back to Sacramento every time a train came in, so I would go to the station and pick them up.

My son, Joseph, came back to Sacramento by himself, and in July my other son came to live with us.

I continued looking for a job. Some Chinese were farming in the south, so I went there to work. Then there were some Japanese people who began to farm in the northern part of Sacramento, so I went to work for them.

I wanted to work in the city, but I could not find anything at all. The CPC cannery would not hire Japanese at that time. I went to the CYA union and asked them about a job. They asked, "What kind of job do you want?" I answered, "Anything I can get." They told me that when they found something, they would let me know.

A few days later they told me that there was a job at the Safeway store working in a warehouse during the night. "If you don't mind working at night, the job is yours." My friend and I were looking for a job at the same time so we both found a job at the same place in the produce department. The warehouse was located at 3rd and R Streets. My job was to place orders in a truck in time for a truck driver to deliver produce early in the morning.

At that time they paid 75¢ an hour at the cannery. I was paid about 89¢ an hour plus any overtime. I thought it was the best job I ever held. I was very happy about that so I worked very hard. However, I still wanted to have my own store. I went to McClatchy Realty and they found a small store for me. It did not

have anything, not even shelves, so I had to make them by myself. Lumber was not available at that time. Fortunately I found a store which was going out of business so I bought shelves from them. I wanted to begin a dry good store there, but I could not find any material to sell. I bought anything I could lay my hands on, such as paint and hardware and anything I could sell.

I was still working at the warehouse at night, so my wife watched the store. A year later, I was able to get a vacation. After this I decided to work at the store full time so I quit working at the Safeway warehouse.

A few interesting things happened while I was working at the warehouse. During the watermelon season, we would get lots of them at once. Our foreman told us that we could take one home. So I put a nice big one in a potato sack and carried it on my back. It was about 2:00 a.m. A police car followed me and finally stopped me. One of the policemen asked me what I was doing, and also asked me what was in that potato sack. So I told them that it was a watermelon. Then they asked me where I got it. I explained that I worked for Safeway and my foreman told me to take one home. At the warehouse, if boxes were broken and the contents were no longer salable, we were allowed to take them home. I was stopped by the police many times.

In August, the war came to an end. The night before the end of the war, we workers had lunch together. We talked about everything, including politics and war. The others said that they felt sorry for me because Japan was not doing so well, and might be conquered any day. We had quite an argument because

I felt that Japan would never be conquered.

The next day factories were blowing their sirens and cars were honking their horns. They said, "Japan is conquered! Japan is conquered!" I was very shocked and felt "Nasakenai". I just did not want to talk to any one. Tears were rolling down my face. I just could not take a day off. I could not stay home either. I did not want to see anybody at work, and I did not want to talk to my wife either. So I walked to the warehouse and worked silently. I was very grateful to the people there. I had argued vigorously that Japan was not going to lose her war but these people did not even mention war at all. Those union people were very sympathetic toward me. I was very surprised and at the same time I respected their sensitivity. One of my partners said, "sorry" to me. I was really impressed by him. The next day I felt much better because these people seemed to understand me very well.

During the war there was a ration system. Everything was purchased with coupons. Now that the war was ended, people were free to buy anything they wanted and in any amount, so people tore up their coupons and threw them out of the car windows as they passed the streets. We had accumulated quite a lot of coupons to buy meat and sugar, but when the war ended, these coupons were no longer necessary. We laughed at ourselves for if we had known this, we could have bought lots of meat and sugar.

Even in those days there were quite a number of "NO JAP" signs. It was very strange and interesting that those stores

which had those signs posted never were popular or successful. The other places who did business with Japanese people were very popular and were successful. Many of the stores with "NO JAP" signs closed after the war.

It was the same story, too, near the Heart Mountain Camp. When we were working in a city near the Camp, we had to go to a restaurant to eat lunch. We broke up into small groups. Our group fared well but another group went into a restaurant which did not serve Japanese people. They wondered why they were not served while the white people who came in later were served. They could not stay there indefinitely so they left the restaurant. Upon leaving, they saw the "NO JAP" sign on the window.

There was also a large drug store in the same town which was not doing well. There was another drug store that would do business with Japanese people, and cash their checks. They were very kind to us and were very successful. Many people went there to buy things from them.

In a town called Cobee ^{COBEE} (?) in Wyoming were many stores with "NO JAP" signs. All of these stores were not doing very well. After I quit working in the Safeway warehouse, I began to work in my little store full time. As it was shortly after the war and I could not buy many materials to re-sell, I used to go to San Francisco to purchase them. The wholesale stores did not have an abundance of materials to sell but being Japanese added to my difficulty in buying things for my store. For example, the wholesale store said that it could not sell anything to a person who was starting a new business.

So I bought anything I could get and put them on the shelves.

My main objective was to buy yardage and other dry goods. But since I could not obtain them, I brought home such things as pencils, school materials and anything else which I felt to be useful. A year after that, I located a wholesale store through which if I bought many other things, I could buy a dozen handkerchiefs. So I bought these things since I wanted to buy those handkerchiefs. Another wholesale store permitted me to buy a dozen towels if I purchased other items in less demand. So I was compelled to purchase all these extra items.

Q: Were you able to sell all these extra things you bought?

Mr. Fukuda: Yes. Fortunately, many of these items were very little things to sell. All these things which I brought home sold very well. However, my specialty remained dry goods. In time, I was able to get more dry goods. Then I began to cut out these other materials. Soon they were cleared out.

I wanted to buy men's underwear but they were one of the most difficult things to buy. One day I went to a wholesaler in San Francisco. There were women's pink underwear piled up in one corner of the store. Because of inferior material, they were not selling very well. I bought a few dozen of them and put them in the show case. Soon, a man came in and wanted to buy the pink underwear. So I told him that it was a woman's underwear; however, he said it did not matter at all as it would be better to wear something than nothing. So he bought some and took them home.

At first I did not feel that they would sell so I did not buy much. But when I went there the second time, I brought back lots of these pink underwear. These also sold out within a few

days. The third time I went there I bought all the rest of them. This time a Chinese man had bought quite a few of them. When I went back there, they had stocked some more of them, so I brought some more.

Yardage was very difficult to come by at that time and flannel was a particularly rare thing. There was one salesman who came into the store. He took some orders from me and he said if I wanted to buy some flannel, he could get it for me. He said it was factory made, so it was not the best quality material. But if I wanted it, I could get some. He also said that he could get me one bolt of it which was 1,000 yards.

I was very happy to hear that and asked him to get me one bolt of that flannel. I wanted to get more, but it was all he could get for me. When that flannel came, it was too big to put inside of the store, so I put it outside, right on the sidewalk. Well, neighbors came around and asked me if I was selling that material. So I said, "yes." So many people asked me to cut 10 yards or 5 yards and I just did not have enough time to cut it for them. That 1,000 yards of flannel was sold in 3 days.

Even though I ordered many things from San Francisco by mail, these materials did not come to me. One of the wholesalers did not come around our store either. So I used to take my checkbook and went to the wholesale stores by myself. I used to look around all over the place. Meanwhile, we were able to send parcels to Japan. So we decided to make parcels and send them back to Japan according to the order we got. We made that service free as long as customers bought things from us. We became very very busy with this parcel business.

From the morning to the night, customers came in continuously. In the daytime, we took orders, put materials in boxes and wrote down the forwarding addresses. In the evening, we made parcels. We bought lots of sugar. And our customers bought it and asked us to send it to Japan. We worked from very early morning to very late at night.

After we closed the store, we worked on these parcels. So we stayed up until one or two o'clock in the morning. Sometimes it was 3:30 a.m. before we could get to bed. However, lots of taxes were put on them afterwards, so this parcel business began to decline. So we were there over 10 years. The store was located on 4th Street, between Capital and L.

In the beginning, it was very difficult to lease a store space. The only thing I could get was a very small place like a garage. However, we were able to get another space.

In the beginning we kept two stores open. But Japanese people moved out of that area, so we closed the small store. Meanwhile,^a/redevelopment agency was working in that area, and we had to move out. Well, actually, people moved out of the place first, because of the redevelopment. So we closed the store and retired, though it was very early for us to do so.

We then took a tour of Japan and Europe and came back to the State. We spent about a half year doing that. Then I did not do anything for 2 years. It was very boring so I opened a variety store on Broadway. I had it open for 5 years. But it was not successful so I closed it at the end of the lease. I retired again and ever since then I have been taking it easy.

Q: Thank you very much for sharing these very interesting stories with

me. These stories will become very valuable information for our young people. Thank you very much.

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